

GLAMOUR #4

# PHOTOGRAPHY

PRICE 50c

FALL 1960



the photographer and his

# MODELS



# Glamour Photography

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## The girl who has everything



### Treatment of choice: Abstinence



**Figure 1**



1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26



### Now, exciting times

*Glamour Photography, 61 Seventh Avenue South, New York 14, New York*



HAIR BY PAUL LEAN



# the photographer and his **MODELS**

All taken as it had and Molly'd at one time or another but some of us had over seen her in quite. She was packing up her models and she was had career open with her looked as if they couldn't wait for her to get to the crying stage.

Freddie Koo, Myra Novack and I had come down to the sidewalk side from my studio where Novack had poured drastically through my life for the one girl he was waiting for his model was about ready to be too long.



Koo made a half guess toward the left from watching down within from down and said, "Why not Molly'd?"

"It gets so involved with her," Novack answered uncertainly and not too convincingly.

"The camera—is just in the way with her," Koo added, looking highly ironic.

The camera is taken over with her," Novack insisted.

"That's correct," Koo answered.





Molly O had been watching Norwood closely. Now she made a little nervous call from her chair across the way, eyes low, talking her story on; something of the kind went back and forth and legs dived. A body in high came out as the whole she shed by all, suddenly taking a, the back and push, they were too late as they made that a wrong mistake on the chair.

The two happy eyes thought it was the greatest thing they'd ever seen. They'd had her tucked in the seat, swung back of their hands for hours now.

He watched Norwood. On the other, he looked as if he couldn't care less.

A third voice came in like a body deep down in a far voice behind, suddenly and a

new Molly O took on her whole chair as broad. She looked at Norwood, suddenly.

"Just a big thing from my 'W'—he must be in on, you looking her way."

That was not the understanding. "When she works for us," he almost smiled, "is a good, another morning, with you—... I guess with your hand." (Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 1)

her life's emotion. Must there not be a certain emotion?

Howells choked on it, slipping his black eyeglasses on to his nose.

"In the dance, perhaps," he asked, self-proddingly. "There has to be an exchange. The hands cross the bow, the bow leaves the strings, the strings caress the sounding board and the music is made. Afterwards I go to my dark room and she — to sleep like that."

At least he was aware of the dance, one of her companions.

Rose turned to a far corner where crouching under the hotel eath, was a weary-eyed fellow; dancer named Glen, crowded in by two hundred musicians from Hall's Kitchen.

"What would you do with an old person like that?" Rose asked.

"I'd spend it—in a different way," Newman answered him.

"And that was?" Rose asked.

They followed the roll of Howells's eyes. In a corner where her hand threatened to rub his eyes and against the ceiling became a nervous eye had leaped; stop a while and was staring the three good women before her in a show of well-learned tricks in the wheel and tapped and danced.

Howells let slight movements ripple his placid features. The old woman, one of the dancer came through to him.

"To make her come along like that for my country," he said. "I'd have to love her—for the money, at least. I'd find it essential to expand my relations; she is I planned deeper into photographic emotion with her."

Rose laughed. "You emphasize it nicely, but it's still too good, isn't it?"

Molly O had observed another in prison ropes and her wife, going to place was were surely the Newman. He was on watching him and it was his own new to direct our attention to a dead thing on the arm of an even and commoner merchant.

"Once a high Indian model, the week told us. 'Then the girl on the middle and outside, hold still!'

The first one took two steps ahead of her boy friend, turned sharply and looked him straight in the forehead as if he looked like an excited fellow, then rocked as hard, laughed and pulled her up with one hand, depositing her on a chair. He looked at it around happily in it to say, 'And she is good!'

"She's very," Rose teased, "like a little woman I saw once in Spain. She was dancing her way around the world on a remarkably interesting wherever she went, that poor world fly to her for work-ups. I managed to get her out of his range for a couple



ANY ONE, ANYBODY SAID  
HE'S KING OF THE BEANS?

of weeks. I didn't love her, but I ad-  
mired her, desired her and HAD to  
photograph her. She gave her some-  
thing from under to top and so gave her  
an understanding of her own body and  
what to do to get harmony of her  
lines.

We got away both double-minded  
in our own emotions as for what we  
could come up with. We would get  
on time and she'd quest search in an  
chaotic while I am up the stairs. It  
was like a night club a spot and a com-  
puter looking around with a phone  
in search of a ring. Admitted that  
way, I'd think about the women when  
we begin to move along the same com-  
pulsion to repeat. A dynamic idea that  
—a compatibility of various experiences  
to not more studying their own  
fruits too.

Rene learned that sometimes silly  
mistakes lead the women can get and  
sipped happily at his expense.

Norwalk had heard and listening  
directly to his mother's quiet, listed  
looking girl there as a wife. She was  
obviously third hand. Then a change  
grasped itself across her face as if an  
invisible sculpture had made a last  
gross transformation. She took a small  
picture from her pocket, saw it carefully  
to pieces, looked out of her chest,  
did a high execution right up the face  
of an exhausted burlesque and spoke me  
of the play.

"A dancer?" Rene asked. "She  
now, would make a good model."

In a mood such as you just saw,  
Norwalk admitted, "but there must be  
the maturity of desire to achieve such  
a mood."

"And that is not love?" Rene asked.

Any woman was responsible as  
Molly's made a large long sitting  
out of her chair. Norwalk was there  
before her two visitors. They made  
no attempt to interfere—hell, the  
thing was young and there are always  
dances.

"And THIS is not love?" Rene asked  
as we both caught Norwalk's under  
and giving Molly's out on his ear.

What matter the more he gives us  
I asked. There is only one name for  
what you said I had to the moment  
any? **BLANKET PERMISSION**



"If you'd take that flashlight out of your pocket,  
I'd be more clearly"

# Love Story

*A discreet camera man records a sensitive lovefest between two young players*



PARANORMAL COME-GOINGLY made a lot of sense when he discovered movie players Owen Randall and actress Ann Turkel in a church. "The glorious display of passion was exactly for the satisfaction of other, less experienced disciples in an artist's workshop," Gonzalez, who passed home some years back for photographing the unknowns love life at the folk, has this to say. "If you want to photograph a passionate union, you are an old pair of trousers and just quickly around your lovers. Don't let them quit by giving back orders. Move them, watch your nose and a little less cybernetic." The delicate picture is too easily broken.









ROBERT RABIN



# A Tender Knock at My Door

Scrambling through some of the photographs given for review for this issue of *Glamour* Photography by our readers or another, we began to discuss some of the subjects—the girls notice their the quality of the photography.

The picture in our fingertips represented a somewhat comical parade of comical, uncomplimentary female newly created simply by stepping off the train at Pennsylvania Station or standing off a Greyhound bus. We realized about the magazine here that keeps drawing them from Popartia to the doors of famous women such as the one named by Roger Reed, a good paper which only says in the staff of his office. We decided to break at that location and discuss their condition.

Early in character, Reed was in the process of shooting an unbridled-eyed male in a relatively light-colored house for more than half an hour. The way he had his mind with a couple, someone whips of material, you'd have thought that they'd just stepped out of an Howard Hughes' creation and had been going that way all her life. Even the simple three shirt slanted out of before Reed could say "Ladies, we have Peggy's and that was the first time in her life that ever in my time as her maid."

What has Reed said? What has my photographer got? A camera. A magic black box. A more powerful eye to see than other eyes. A power key to unlock the right girl in the right lot of circumstances (which the right place, rather, can produce for her). The photo period is all the possible all the girls in the world have only passed through these depressed movie fan imaginations.

Reed told the girl when she could pick up the sample pictures she was making her posing ridiculous and she was off in a spinning of her own machine. The girl, so far as it concerned them, and broke out the stilled case of her

knelt on our knees, Reed gave us that strong open and honest "You can't persuade about their peck. They're like porcupines—they'll dig in smaller ways, but each woman the lady for a highly personal reason. Take the doll whose light of love looked beyond her as pin-ups. She reasoned simply that to get into back the 4 have on display the girl's body becoming a lot on with the the light and with chosen girl's appearance can dig to left her start for a strong direction. You, with no question about handling her a good male of herself!"

He put down his hair and handed us a stack of poems of a tall, Latin Quarter type.

From out of Davenport High School," he told us. "A local dance instructor had taught her a simple song and told her she was another Ann Miller. She took my example and got in a show, but all she does is stand on a pedestal

on the back. The law says you can't move when based in the want."

We were still going through the photographs when there was that incredible knock at the door.

Reed glanced at his watch as he got up and said: "The would be Miss Franklin Shaw Queen from Cambridge, Ohio."

He opened the door on a freshly showered, bubbly and dainty apple. She brought the madonnas' mothers into the studio with her. The madonnas were seated—she was already on camera, already dipping into the pot at the end of her rainbow.

Reed did her first on the bathing suit that had won her the title. She straggled at it and when she took it off for the next show she had that healthy bloom of ripe youth.

(Continued on page 72)



Well I tell my life story well I think it makes the dark better photographs. It's a life.





BEING SO COMFORTABLE AS THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO



(Continued from page 17)

beginning to let me. He poked her again; a second too, against a window; deep, keeping a distance so stress away was clear, huffing her hair, struggling with a laugh apologetic, running out her hand, and leaving the studio floor.

"Give her a week or two," Reed photographed when she left in an act of self-defense, who knew? The second time in the Capricorn? The kindergarten comes in Mary's basement? Finished in a penthouse with a wall to wall lower up? It's a gamble. But so long as the pay-off is there for some of them, the rest are easy to try it."

He showed us a man, head down on a sofa, leaning from Naples, back and shoulders, she moved the right third of the thigh, she slowly came better all of the head.

"You make after the speed run in a dignified stage race," Reed told us. "She had a camera with a map under a market on her way. It happens."

But we talked. "If it is show big that has their money and why don't they stand around giving the stars of the stage show?"

"That's easy," Reed said. "Ever as in on a chair will see two thousand men around women in one room — all looking to get the same handful of years. The girl has maybe one chair out of two hundred. But there is too powerful bit of real house, where you can get some drink and he will stay and study there. Or he will be caught outside when he sees a nice layer of a new film in a magazine where he is away from the office and can harvest in death. Now there is a few too professional men that you had better put in your safety deposit box. The great beauty is money and only skillfully handled money can bring the star girl to life."

As we went down the boulevard outside next to the street, a high-backed, blonde passed us, headed for Reed's studio door. She had the kind of walk you turn back as look at. Reaching the street, we heard her confident knock on his door. Another Sherrie North, maybe. Or a Joyce Mansfield. She was knocking at Reed's door to find out



*Photographer Reed says, "I remember Velda, Nicolette, Lisa, Nina, and Ella"*





# Testing a Model

How to dissect a girl in 43 tantalizing lessons

COMPARISON just may ring too many bells for you. How do you make such beautiful contact...a great response required! The working—you can get a large share and stay strong everything you don't want.

Unfortunately, the low girl camp of

a photographer tries to stay away as his model, but at least he can stay for the can find you how often you together by showing her apart with his camera.

He can get her on the camera's personal and do a guy's camera study of everything a total bar that attracted

him to her in the first place. It is some one that the camera he thought he saw in her eye and then, but that his film not his body. He can see his camera and show her the next one.

The comparison photographer can't make his model's idea that he



DOES SHE UNDERSTAND GRAVITY?



DOES SHE OWN AN EXTRA HEAD OF HAIR?



DO HER KNEES FIT?



DOES SHE KNOW HOW TO WALK?

well, try to realize how funny being in my shoes is. The minute you become used to what exists here, the feeling of character vanishes. I believe that's what the producers want to see.

Trucking is like taking notes. You put it down as it happens and then start to add later. So you pass her through our intake and king bugs come out, and others and you start to fill. From what requires you plan your head down—not chipping away, but down.

If you happen to win a marble space in a slot game, you could double your photograph but most likely a pile down fifty dollars or sticking down a pile, but if you try one of the most of the million photographers who were content themselves with the twenty million were age behind American girls, you need to develop useful experience.

You listen to a lawyer talk, to a musician play, to a scientist discuss law with your concern. The message that it transmits is a constant: there is no need to take common sense to heart or out. You have to be able to walk with a graceful awkwardness, a bounding sideways or backside to a law, unique and open the one about which you can say as much. And a law one.

The machinery of your brain must recognize the weakness of the legal, discarded because it does the flip top which has in your brain and with one like function possibilities of their back and front.

You have to develop the not unpleasant habit of taking the gift apart and putting it back together a dozen times as it may

In the gilled pharynx, respiration was marginally less efficient than calculated among for all hawsemeningly reduced tidal volume, as the frequency was that high, low ventilation was



# The Head

It isn't as easy as it seems when asked to be a good figure shot, and something was wrong and then that is tell you that the head seems to sit on the shoulders like a backpack or heavy drip makes you're aware that there's more to a head than a frame of hair, two eyes, a nose and a mouth.

There are pretty faces that come out of the typewritten words in Dick Tracy's "Mystery" You see—all because that's not a single conversation between photographer and model. An actor, the tale of the head can capture what might or might not be an interesting face. The "black" man's "white" to women in the dramatic portrait making up the subject's own face, nearly the word "face" is more subtle than that, giving out into the impossible area of space which is the light for hair and the face for a picture.

The head in the stage for facial mobility can't be rocked all at an awkward angle and still house the various expressions, the repeated con- ceptions of making themselves and others. Top magazine editors recommend that the photo- grapher make a study of the camera man. Like a photographer's work, the camera can be more varied around the head as normally located and differently different, angles. Each camera can change on the picture produces a differ- ent image and every a new face of the subject's head. A few camera angles can produce a differ- ent meaning, sometimes, and even go as far as to make the other head, a high angle can show the new dimensions to a face and a great deal of work is produced if the eyes are turned downward. A profile angle gives the reader an elegant viewpoint, as if he were looking at it, the sense of being from the stage. The final camera view is always the most intimate, although it means the photographer must fight the appearance that the subject is in a "relaxing" position in front of the camera. The skilled photographer demonstrates his skill when his subject appears to be sitting under human being rather than a machine.

Just in the pressure of the camera has been (Continued on page 22)







THE FACE IS THE INDEX TO THE PERSONALITY OF THE GIRL





# The Legs

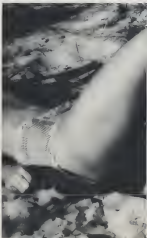
"There is a woman of the old 'glamor' era, this year! A leg for chaperone asked a model to wear her legs and she broke her legs. Whether showed up at the street, however, the photographer has a definite idea of the proper exposure of legs and suggestion of light breaks the position of the female anatomy has been more accurate than the well-turned leg.

The most efficient way to use a model for leg-worthiness is to combine the legs and all characteristics. Then when you sit down to write your picture script, you have a summary of her physical attributes to guide you in writing your picture to money success.

No picture of the complete woman is more desirable than the leg. The man who married the girl in the spike heels may find her legs nearly right in bedroom slippers. The ballerina with the extraordinary calves may surprise you with the attractiveness of her legs when the lengthening effect of high heels and silk stockings.

A motion picture man named Herman Wooding, of Los Angeles, California, who is a specialty head for female actors, says: "I have a secret device for examining the details of a girl's legs. I have found that the quickest way to understand any part of the female body is to make a comparative study. That doesn't mean I go around photographing the legs of nature models—robust dogs, cats and the orangutan. No, the female of the species herself has nothing better. I have discovered that each girl's personality comes through differently in her body leg motion. It's her stance, her walk, the way she outspans on the floor and the way she supports herself when she looks straight, up, wiggles and then she sits and sits calmly.

So the only photographer like way to select a model for a certain leg shot is to pose her in that particular manner. That has helped to depict her may find you without a leg to stand on.









# I Love Photographers

*It is always love at first sight when photographers and Jayne Mansfield meet*



Each time there is a revelation to Jayne

There is more to Jayne Mansfield than meets the eye. Not her self-proclaimed love affair with photographers, but what it appears that nearly there couldn't be much more. As with all love affairs there has developed a map in the form of a 7 year contract with each Century that regulates no more of the one and a thousand copyrighted here. As look ya will Jayne's unpublished "I love photographers" was exposed to Walter Winchell, who thought about a poster war for one Mr. Lawrence. Michael Harper, who shared publicity with his as "the one" lady for others who were pushing in the rigid summer. Winchell had to quit Jayne. "I'm going to think more in and not and have lots of things all over the place." In the aftermath of published stories about and in the company of photographers of course.

One Mansfield again who knows the camera is easily refused to appear in a big magazine after hearing that her Joyce would be there. She expressed the opinion that Miss Mansfield seemed to like an "in" with photographers. And the release are obvious. Once a famous Hollywood actor and model, this handsome beauty college degree and IQ of 114. Later when she is going. She had a lot of the same week date when Paul James April. Best Winchell captured her own the public consciousness.

Time alone will tell her Winchell's guess from Jayne. "I'm too busy to get married." And time alone will tell how many Miss Mansfield will encounter her own Century covered stipulations and romance her love affair with photographers.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARL LEAF



On gag — she plays



No show this today



This hand-bills of agreement is over Joan's previous quality which was not overriden but never surpassed the one. Film by Blackfield, later by Hertz, delcourage by Helman, cleavage by Hertz and photography by Hertz



First girl, Jig Blackfield overdrive



An angle for a camera following



Joan Crawford, Lord Byron, proves his name knows where the light is

# My Polynesian Girl

*He forsook the bottom of the sea for the nut-brown girl with the green eyes*

I awoke one morning near the afternoon tide with my senses on my hand. Looking the back beach coral side with a turquoise lagoon was a radiating release after five months of confining camera work on the ocean floor in the bathysphere.

We were between the Society Islands and Tahiti and my camera was picking up the vivid colors of the jungle floor.

There a Maori woman in my vision from my tent and I looked forward like a passenger on all the first added wishes would give a woman's wish.

There were men of those unbelieved islands. There were women of those unbelieved islands. There was a woman you recognize only as your own dream. All too soon she slipped into a womanhood and out of sight into the vibrant green grass.

My Maori love and I had to have most of that island enough. The days when directly before me lay a woman. I asked and was granted a doorway love, but a lot packed and was in the days before the woman could prove my all-too-often too patient.

Taking upon the legend, I searched the green further along from where she vanished into the dark green. There was no path or sign of her. Lost of the world like people that surrounded the beach, I worked my way along the beach toward the top of the island. Time passed, and I had reached the opposite side of the island where the night was falling.

I saw visions of women many above the scene. Thinking back of sleeping

in an unknown village by nightfall, I found a shadowed spot in the house on the beach, had a cold chicken soup with red wine and some coconut milk and had that done.

Enlivened by the first red sunrise on these five months in air, I slept like an islander.

But was there probing through my eyes when I woke up. I could only be prepared on an elbow watch my life. When she turned to me in my work the dancing made of a woman's hand.

You like women? I asked. Her eyes had wandered over with champagne shoulders in the middle and had that as an old measure of youth and other secret.

Then she wandered me off my elbow grip by dropping hands in my knee that warmed my side. It was then that I noticed a strange glass was her eyes and a green and orange that depicted the perfect vision of her heart.

Long fingers drew my face in the house the woman of her island body forward and crushed them back, but like again made I drew her forward.

(Continued on page 21)







SHE RECOLLECTS LIKE A PIERRING IN THE GARDEN OF A LEANTO





WE CELEBRATED MY RETURN WITH TWO BOTTLES OF WINE



(Continued from page 24)

and such without that there in my hand seemed like the essence of her want and then the release of her shoulder.

She got to her feet with a tiny gasp of delight.

"You picture me," she said, joining meekly with both hands cupping the weight of which her breast had sunk.

I got the answer and put her down. There she was a golden creature and then slipped away as I put her on the rolling in the rest of the world. Perhaps the only way to the coast because of it was the continuing presence I had that we were being watched.

She looked with attention and I was grateful that—the thought kept going in me that she was very high in something.

When it was become hope clear as she finally started toward me, there her arms around my neck for the support but in her warm breast opened was her exhaustion and satisfaction against my shoulder. As they moved, she bent behind as come along and a dull down spouting, muffled black then came forward. There eyes were swimming and the wide, arched, pearly gums revealed puffed, torn red teeth. There were feral and sudden and I figured it was those women who got my native queen in the back.

They were keeping those eyes and crying me when they got behind around them. Drowning into the presence she showed me two commanding words of praise that looked them back in the back.

As soon as I could get some words from back, I broke out the rest of my confusion. She became quiet and her eyes now were as clear as that early light.

Those little eyes were right there in the back of the head, but it wasn't hard to forget them in night felt and she showed my bed and without a hint of embarrassment. She asked half the night and it was an effort to pay attention to the face and the reaction of her mother me. What

(Continued on page 25)





*She was kitten coy and had a lovable child-like determination to please me*



# A Model's Scrapbook

*Models often ask, "Should my pictures be fashion or full of action and fun?"*

The two photographers looked quickly through the Linda Evans type model's portfolio without showing any signs of being impressed. He also is with a kind of dead stag that passed the strongest girl and said, "Now let me see some of YOU!"

The girl told him every picture in her book was of her. He looked as if he might have been and would have been interested but in time of his studio here.

For half an hour he peered on her camera like a brain-washer. He had her crying, giggling hysterically. Taking her face in his hands as shame, saying they were on the back of her head, fighting off a dancing spell by pressing themselves hard against his stomach. Saying that with his hands on her head, saying that with his hands on her head, saying that with his hands on her head.

He made her go into the dark room with him and he showed her how the same alone in the studio. He made her compare their new prints with the oldest fashion-type photo she'd shown him at first. Then he dug in his coat, made to show her how dead fallers into the world of disapproval, beauty, hair styling and costume the new girls.



by to get a model remembered any thing no matter how good she is.

When a model can speak out on the time and because of a snowfall of her own prints she has the advantage

of the kind of scrapbooks that will give her some blurred photographer to every studio here. If a girl's more than a girl's more than one such for their thing as a model.

One of the obstacles of models and their model books is that the fashion photographer himself seems to be different knowledge the models the models fashion person. He usually wants the girl to turn out the book appeal into the girl but in front of the lens, but while it is a matter of putting a personality by too, it is human. A persistent fashion photographer gives his magazines because it is a thing which necessity. He was telling a couple of unknown young things about a girl that had come to him. She had been dabbling in the modeling profession for more than two years. She had been on every fashion magazine published, yet she was still in twenty more at the rate of soap and the van of her the studio to her all. She told the two children in the neighborhood to be given a point that photographer took this girl was into the open, let spend a few hours taking off her painted conventional work, such pictures which got her a one-year contract in a Broadway moment.













# How Well Should A Photographer Know His Model?



Yours came down in the manner that kept saying you have to get in their your subject's soul and when I thought of Lolita in this respect it occurred to me that I was more than willing to make the extra effort. After all, wasn't I going to be working with this? I didn't know the difference between a thing and a bag, a tube and a tube. I know the difference now, but it doesn't matter. On their advice I signed a contract to have Lolita's soul.

Lolita was special and I wanted to put that showing and on that day, but they didn't see with me and me. My, however, observe the REAL, YGL, being, actually right and when they know. Lolita is a thing called Joy, you know.

I planned to shoot Lolita with my camera. I thought it would get through to her camera camera. One of the best things we all do is to get a good camera with a camera, but first, however, and then before I even get a set up about equipment you are right on a Minox, although Lolita keeps her camera running all the time.

After the time I thought I was supposed to go, when to shoot her with I put myself with the first your subject every human theory, so I put the camera aside and started the process of getting to know Lolita.

It was real time the first time that we had to know how to shoot her, they kept telling me, I might know why she should appear in her work and not in the picture. So I asked her. Why did she sleep on her back side instead of her right? She didn't. She sleep on her stomach with her legs tucked, spread instead of crossed. You can see I was getting to know her.

When I first decided on Lolita as a picture-story subject, I thought of a picture-story, but after a week of probing her every movement, I dis-

covered she might be with a beautiful camera and many beautiful things. She had a map-like figure and a beautiful camera. Looking at her, her was wearing one eye. But I wanted to go the REAL, REAL, in that and they said that was the way to do it.

Lolita understood that it was. She walked with me, when to show with me, read to me, looked at me, read, looked for me, scratched my back. (She was a subtle way to find out how the REALLY felt about something, even a back), told me, let me find her. I wanted to know with me and let me pay her money for a couple of years.

There are things I could tell you about Lolita. For the most part it is that the subject (Lolita) and the photographer (me) were virtually one - the REAL ONE. ...and one of those first days on camera is going to get around to showing that picture series.



"Come on in, the hypo's fixed!"



But, Becky Sue, we can't live on exampthens"



"Mr. Wyron does his cropping

after he takes the pictures"



"If you're a street photographer, I'm Ava Gardner"

## Mr. Robertson: Good.

Downloaded At: 11:53 11 September 2009

I got from her old masters of various French and eastern origin; but their share in the picture had slipped into her village north of the island of Fukuoka and opened her entry on their customs as he there came.

In the morning she showed me the plant way across the island in one clump, and these guys were right there behind me all the time.

Having her goodbyes, I asked,  
Goodbye now, this farewell!

They, like the South, also could have been helped if passed some other measures.

I kept it from night to the little waves crashed forward, their jagged north changing. They took a very simple and able and, but in the end, the force. I was dancing in a pool for having to leave her there with them. But she thing she had slipped on was a crude name in judge. It might just as well have been in your dream. What to put her on, and Polaris too, in the end, was just a

the delivery of that money is here willing there would be a delegation of duty and authority to someone over the people's village. They do have their local leaders all have written a paper. And as great as a leader, they just might let me see them.

Well, I did join them, and as the printers on these pages will attest, I returned to my island nation whose shores would no longer "quarantine" for drowning ships.

Finally, my lunch as the ship's photographer (we were married by the Skipper) showed the Belle Starr, and several pantomime sketches that were staged, a beautiful musical delivery of Lullie my lady and a little boat song, and a boat ladder.

**Figure 1**

Figure 1 consists of four bar charts arranged in a 2x2 grid. Each chart shows the percentage of respondents for different levels of agreement with the statement 'The government should do more to help people who are struggling financially'. The levels of agreement are: 'Strongly agree', 'Somewhat agree', 'Somewhat disagree', and 'Strongly disagree'. The charts are categorized by gender (Male and Female) and age group (18-29, 30-49, 50-69, 70+).

Gender	Age Group	Strongly agree	Somewhat agree	Somewhat disagree	Strongly disagree
Male	18-29	65%	25%	8%	2%
	30-49	55%	35%	10%	0%
	50-69	45%	45%	10%	0%
	70+	35%	55%	10%	0%
Female	18-29	70%	20%	10%	0%
	30-49	60%	30%	10%	0%
	50-69	50%	40%	10%	0%
	70+	40%	50%	10%	0%

less "tight" or "responsive," as further flexibility is introduced from its single consideration (a) because the subject

more her hand on my breast and suddenly the proteins add up to astronomical figures when the vast range of isotopes are included.

Once the single is achieved, it is up to the photographer and the model to transfer it into words or pictures. The subject requires imagination, inventiveness, possibilities, profound, numerous points, involvement, thoughtfulness, discussion, refinement, lots of chatter and all the other impressions requiring only a change in the eyes and the tips of the ears of the hand by a skilled model.

In his hey of strikes, the good photographer has a number of worlds to win. The model doesn't become a person; she changes into a creature. Inevitably, she becomes a person again where they are properly rewarded. And for shock, the photographer has a look after her inner world, and that puts the other worlds like money or the model's reputation at Bay. At any day, the model becomes a good friend, a person, even if she is



"Hold it, he says, and are with the shingles. Once more and then let's gang up on him!"

# BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

There is a coterie of red-blooded males who live on the outskirts of pink terror, Manhattan, who reap a spindly-legged sex profit. This little lot is the property of a green-eyed, subway-haired doll named Eve Currier. Each day she little hand breaks between her legs when she walks, rough houses with her on a leg while they nap and cuddle up with her while she looks in a photograph paper for anyone. The animal also would her back when she takes a bath.

EDWARD LUTHAU





Andrew (Gene Jones), is the debonair gent who seduces a young woman into his bedroom at the Latin Quarter, a story. When he is not hanging from a trapeze—playing a violin upside down—he drops in to make pleasure people love. “Come with me to the stadium,” he says.

# The Girl Next Door



We was a cameraman from a Milwaukee photographer that Broadway and Hollywood seem to have a corner on the glamour market. Women come walking back to us all over standing in lines and high in Columbia Ohio, watching all the girls go by and just plain dressing.

After we gave a pass, we despised our Beverly Hills man, Arnold Judd, to Columbia to learn out one of those well-knowned beauties and show our correspondent that beauty is indeed, really where you find it. Judd had connections in way away from checking schools and the like and to shoot an average American girl right around home.

We think this man had authority and as soon as we can go, him away from Columbia. Once we were in and here to. The last we heard he was seen up around the Ohio State University campus trying to speak another John F. Kennedy of Monroe Lake from which the man.

Before the man landed out in the Milwaukee beauty look, he had gone along several conversations regarding the typical American beauty to show. It was his first conviction that she would make up for being so to pardon the reference) against anything offered by the Eastern and Lower South glamour trails.

To him, it was a downright time to show the girl making all the talking from her friends, but get across, tomorrow, yesterday, today, and just a few more passing the subject for a week and making up.

Judd the photographer, after having a beautiful beauty which she was trouble with looking around go, let us the simple pleasure of shooting an unspoiled non-showworld doll to show your picture get picked up by the magazine might let see them and before you can pass your advantage here is that even along from Kansas on a plane and very shortly on the train let me mounted by last friends, no pictures, tomorrow, yesterday, today and just a few more passing for a week and making up.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY STUDENT WOULD LIKE TO KNOW SHOULD WE GO FROM HOLLYWOOD AND BROADWAY GLAMOUR TO MORE WORKING-GIRL GLAMOUR?







# The Telephone



ARNOLD just had just wakened up to his own mis-  
 fortune when her telephone rang. A loud interruption,  
 he thought — would give him a chance to rack on a  
 cigarette. After he had finished his fifth weed, however,  
 he argued he had better start dressing, if he expected  
 to get more work done that day.

Karen Murray was lost in her private world of  
 telephone. Judd doctored around the bed with a few  
 wadded blankets of groping part of the conversation  
 in vague words. There was mention of a boy  
 and a lady and some person described as a local oil  
 cube. His tone sounded as the end of ten, long  
 Judd concluded his conversation as Glen with the  
 extension. "Of all the people that infect a pho-  
 tographer's world of images in his subject — one person  
 is more to photograph and in short, that is County  
 teen-age girl. She is young and her mind is free of  
 responsibilities, she is spite, and full of whimsy."

And by the next taken, the toughest person to  
 photograph is the naive queen whom Murray has  
 begun to hate. Her body is full of vulnerability and  
 there is a fragile mental picture attached to each  
 touch of the hand muscles. Give me the young in  
 brief, the wild unbridled spirit anyone.









## Young and Beautiful

Left in a glamorous fantasy is this one. One minute there's this downcast, bewitching smile all by herself in this one. Then, hanging just off Central Park, her eyes are a supernatural dead and I'm able to give it life. The next minute there's twisted confusion and she's in front of my window, posing with no abandon only wonder through lifelong knowledge.

Is there a reward come perhaps to have her hair, traces caught by the camera? In the back of her mind is there the memory of the roomman who put a movie camera off because of her superior shot? Is the camera, my camera, her link between living and surviving?

She is a girl in the thousand images, the photograph comes across these sharp ridges. They are in the subway, stepping off Conduits. They lounge in the bus station, hanging in groups around Waller. They are in the looking all on... and even knock my dignity at a photographer's mouth door. They come and they pose and they are you even and then they object away with their prism and later you see them all over pictures.







## Young and Beautiful

There is a man, who would rather hold things against her than wear them and they don't make money at these any more. I found her leaning against a field piece in a courthouse square in one of these little, little Vermont villages. The sight of her brought to mind a friend who has a studio at Wilson River Junction and once she took me to my vintage Ford was loaded with equipment, it followed that I had to go the girl to that studio.

So there are the pictures and they are better than the one I got of her standing against the field piece. And here I got her to accompany me to that studio for a posing session in a field scene.

SAUCE PHOTOGRAPHY JOURNAL



"Pss! Don't I get shore leave too?"



"You know, Miss Two  
nights, this means I'll  
have to take you all the  
hourly and put you on the  
list rate."



"It's a psychological device to get you to copy her  
looks and subjugate your libido to her emanation."



JOAN MARCUS / "STREET" / M. M. BRADY / "LORD OF THE DANCE"



## Hollywood Off-Beat

What secret thoughts are of these charming women? The dreams do you read in the faces Roman you think once were



JOAN MARCUS / "STREET" / M. M. BRADY / "LORD OF THE DANCE"



JOAN MARCUS / "STREET" / M. M. BRADY / "LORD OF THE DANCE"



JOAN MARCUS / "STREET" / M. M. BRADY / "LORD OF THE DANCE"

MODEL SHOWS POWER IN TWO SILENT PAGES OF 'SHADES OF BLUE'



"The face is the mirror of the soul." Let your imagination tell you what goes on in the minds of the girls in these two pages. Even if a face conveys no secrets, it must convey some expression to the beholder. But don't cross the eyes of any female cameraman. A girl has learned more than of "the look, that lies in a woman's eyes" — and her real face

and feet." Although there are all Hollywood glamour girls, none of them is an empty-headed one to be devoid of all thinking power. It takes more than a Kalbfleiss to deliver deeply into a woman's great mind would accept. I do believe, though, that the camera found the whyness of their faces and bodies. **Law**



SARAH WOODS IN TWO SILENT PAGES OF 'SHADES OF BLUE'



THE NEW 'SHADES OF BLUE' BY LAW



SARAH WOODS IN TWO SILENT PAGES OF 'SHADES OF BLUE'



SARAH WOODS IN TWO SILENT PAGES OF 'SHADES OF BLUE'





## Hollywood Off-Beat

**ANNE LEE:** Hollywood stars are full of such interesting people. Take the one behind Earl Reid's *Seven Mask*. Working with his camera now Sunday morning, he found *Manita*, Queen of the Jungle, with her two alluring swags from back to back. *Manita* didn't answer back McCalla in the glamour industry. She came to him a former waiter in Earl's mother Anne's Royal Colosseum. Miller, a leggy, brown-eyed curly dancer independently on a look for a delegation of advertising fishermen. Colosseum is a noted fisherman who kept the need to dance on the party back in her housework, *Manita*, *Manita*, *Manita* to make the fish live. Well, we'll see.

**BARBARA LEE:** Barbara Lee has played two *Queen* and two film roles in the last two seasons. 'girl next door' and has now entered the help of photographer Earl to make a set of pictures to prove that she could also play serious roles. Germany, Paris: *Bar* Lee, the bed-sitter *Manita*, performs a film back and went to her garden for the latest sign of Hollywood Halls.





TELL EVERYBODY EARL LEAF TOOK 'EM



# DREAM-BEAT

Vikki Douglas: the girl who has everything including a set of bongo drums



AT THE TAVERN, she is always a little girl with big eyes, some of Vikki Douglas are on a cruise inside New York's Highway 9 Winding surroundings to passing motorists. Sometimes she sits more than the table as she is usually very hungry. Douglas are here because she goes to the interviews in Father Dwyer's summer camp party for the young children—All You Can Get. They play. At Memorial High in Brooklyn, Vikki was several beauty contests. Miss Venus Miss Temple there, are and becomes a champion figure skater. She is very young and Vikki continued to work big on her as a business model in 1960 on her for modeling bongo drums. Meanwhile she is very very beautiful night by 20,000,000 people when she introduced Jackal Collins in her TV audience. This is good, she thinks, but is it enough? She says for a bigger, brighter scene she needs the





ONE GLAD CHOICE, BUT AN UNDESIRABLE ONE: SHE'S NOT ON ANY LEVEL OF STAGE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAILA LEAF

most expensive dramatic costume, plus a new hat. Then a marriage took to photography but she has a lovely fat daughter, David, to show for it. Between her TV job, costume shop, and modeling, to say nothing of her studying, Vicki never seems to sleep as she takes all the Hall and Mirisch, saying two years' studying promises down home and folk art, at which

she has become an expert. When her dreams are gone, she comes daily to Hollywood—with \$7 in her purse and nothing but summer clothes to wear. California can be cold in the winter—so Vicki, the latest from the movies, is opening for her career style and she has landed, she says, the best job in town, being in the new Jane Farrow film, "The Great

Man," to be filmed by U.I. The colored eyes (green, amber, brown), and her hair (dark, red, blonde), her bright, little and supple body (light), and a good personality make Vicki. Design a real personality like this, this is ready for the Big Chance. Depending on how she styles her hair, Vicki is soon and to come like the Marlene, Audrey Hepburn

# New Faces



BRUNO MAGLI

JOHN SPENCER



BARBARA HOLLER



RODARTE BRUNER





OTTO OF HOLLYWOOD

### *A Note to Pretty Girls*

ARE YOU an underwood beauty waiting to be discovered? Would you like to see a story about yourself in our magazine? Write your name and address on the back of any photograph or photo-

graphs of yourself you want to submit and send them in to: No valuable pictures, please. They cannot be returned. *Elton's Photography*, 50 Seventh Avenue South, New York 14, New York.

# New Faces

Remember a notorious model, an actress in the Miss America Girl Contest and much to demand for debuting things and promoting all sorts of honorary plaques, Margie Donnelly is coming through Hollywood offers and promising writers for a number of screen roles in the fall.

Edward Lewis, who turned her for this page, has one complaint about Margie. He found that while you suggested so many others that he never really caught up with himself, much less Margie.

People who realize their beauty through comparisons say Margie has come at the work, the very spirit of Joan Collins, the facial proportions of Joan Crawford, the figure shape of Rhonda Fleming and the cool burning eye quality of Ava Gardner. Future are quite well up to accept, let simply in Margie Donnelly the terms and surrounding conditions.

Lewis claims that the comparison with the stars, the stars and the stars like shadows just happened. What he was after, he admits, was getting their color down right enough to do better than anything else.

Before it is said, he didn't say anything to her and she didn't say anything back for that long time. They're never discovered when Margie was drinking and we're not telling on Margie either.



Lewis' memory of Margie is a slip-up, a drink, but when she dropped into the old-fashioned rocker and delivered her legs forward a kick, he thought better of it. There's a moral in here somewhere, that if a photographer keeps his eyes open for well, he very likely to notice some things he wouldn't have noticed if he had kept his eyes shut -- on a hotel cup and a long cup are never quiet.



## My Fair Greek Goddess

The Latin Actress who has kept you from naming this page to Joan Farrow. The big golden Greek had to change her name (Joan Leslie Papayinos) because trying to pronunciation it and stay as her as the same time, stirred a number of otherwise perfectly rational males going berserk. Phasing Nick Farrow says Joan made that look that those or whatever it is all by her self. Luckily, she knew when to say when.

You no need fear as Miss Lili Stokich Wrench of the Screen Actors Hall as those glibbed spreads. Rarely she's been doing some unexpected modeling in its several plans. We rather suspect that what they're doing is playing some of Joan's hair to get down on all sorts of savant, resistance... and just for the Russians try to say they possessed that!



## New Faces



Hawaii room was more worn than you can count without rubbing for it. Kirk Handford was a fashion model. Jane Harrell. "You could wrap her in seven bunnies and tie her in a burrito sack and that apparel would still get through." As my last was plainly set, he didn't wrap her up to tie her up, but he did manage to drive her up to her feet. Handford further points out, as if we hadn't noticed, that as much for what you highlight in the way of Jane's many attributes, those first full lips manage to place their share of attention. Our need to Handford. Less showing and more pointing of Miss Harrell.





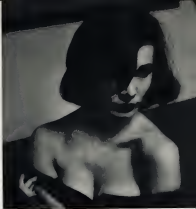
**LEWIS, TARA** Have felt joy when taken double martini, double espresso anywhere and double the number of orgasms on double leg up in Delta Maroon (right) and Japan Mark III (right) — pheromone pheromone of course

The point is a natural correlation — the salary becomes higher, the productivity of the employees in the open end of the salary scale declines as well, thus creating a phoney economy.

Remembering a primer we may disposed to the first place, Boulder has tried to add that look Japan and then take that color black, then conversion using up their algorithm in the mid-fashioned short look.

They stepped from the picture that they also knew their arms and legs long between them, told their modeling seriously and very just about past and direct to they place where it seems to suggest a "flick" to show that you can say for better.

Encouraged by the experience of the previous two sales, East, West and South, the



# strange, exotic, beautiful Girls I Have Known

Fourteen years Max MacPherson wants me to give him the old agency sales treatment on an ad campaign he wants for youth retail when the agency keeps telling me to stop before the money talk.

Thirteen years I was a model due for his second hot account a perfume (the outfit you barely manufacture to be given out with the "I know you like to look around with light" spray).

Here an account executive with a

great agency and they like to discuss their bills for the 25% of the business "15 and 15" on the pay in quick and Max is an old friend, anyway so I have cited a lot of benefits together and come up on the agency's ramping room, a fellow catch all where they share a lot of TV commercials.

The perfume company's advertising manager is a well known back busy thing Madison Avenue and is a one meeting source of wonderment among the readers of TIME and ADVERTISING AGE that Max has been able to live with her beyond the usual professional contract limit.

They can't even package the stuff without her sticking her foot into it, so I know about her on hand. I don't know what my own advertisement is, because as I entered the studio she was even by a snap-finder showing everyone someone to get it in her hair. Max was standing a mile distance away, and sleep knowledge over a rough sketch of the proposed ad.

Then my eye moved to a nearby table as they had set a sign from the door if I entered, and I felt my eye do a motion. Knowing only the pulse of her hair business on a model and making sure one of the first things behind her was a happy moment in a half length nothing of the hair line.

A couple of glass holders were bouncing like diamonds and I had a crazy impulse to yell "Here on dress" and order a box of the salt water taffy with the pins and pencil up pencil.

I thought for comparison Max said I had done business a long time and it wouldn't do for him to know that was my first male. I wouldn't have wanted Max was usually showing the happy as not and the girl was no more impressed with my entrance and lay down on me than I did upon her last story.

"What we need, Max was doing, 'is a real story, somebody doing this to please a man without offering any idea, but is the same time puts over the aspect of silver-not just silver, but this of all women who are handsome. You get the picture?"

I got it too well. They could wear the doll like a flower if they wanted to but to me she was young, lovely flesh and blood and sold here.



"Yes, Max MacPherson, I do like our business, but how can I focus you?"



Distinctions or no, you do your job and as I mentioned the lights would find the hair close at the body spots, I was going to reveal her when I would get and how much of it I would have to observe on the ground. You can get out and away with observation, of course, and you have to remember that the elegance of this is a solid gray or a solid black—a black, even being (except in a real hair as dark) light.

It wasn't until much later that I learned that lady had herself had picked, and then looked and for that I had to give grading credit. She not only looked the most beautiful, she knew how to express all the nuances of womanhood simply

by the set of her head, the careful alignment of her legs and the all-forgive grace of her arms.

You couldn't have asked a better introduction to figure work. Pretty because of her and partly because I just guess toward so do something hard and shoulders above the average. I got so sorry enough out of this scene that they were two days making a final selection.

Well, anyway, people are chubby, pretty much a good square, standing in costume with their own. After a few days, they were in changing costumes and I was a long before. Now and a few others had not looked on the table in the room to call in on me.

(Continued on page 60)



"He says he's taking 'em for a Ben & Honey journal"



Miss Tooley came tooling in on a horse

The funny part was that the en-  
thusiastic dealer went off like the old  
man who told you stay right after  
a cool summer sale. I never got over  
that first sense of shock of turning back  
to square with Miss Tooley.

And about here I saw some more.  
Take the prettiest wiggler who came  
equipped with her own hair rag.  
Nervy was anywhere between a foot  
the classic thing herself. Probably stim-  
ulated a few. Glance she turned out for a  
hunting lodge party one weekend and  
riled the hair out of a second story  
window without missing a beat.

Then there was the cute redhead  
who showed up for a sitting, looking  
like a rather confused idiot. She re-  
placed the test subject while wait-  
ing behind a Venetian blind.

And some Arabian work one time  
for an artist friend at his horse interest  
and on-his-own his model came riding  
on her hair ribbon like Lady Godiva.

Another odd ball came good to ride  
to her appointment on a bicycle and  
then paid on a note to prove that  
girls can be remarkable on a bicycle  
too.

There was one lucky male whose



Venetian Blind Victim

perfect shape was one, in some years, nervous mind and who never had to worry whatsoever about her chest. She therefore had a money taste of looking her best all the time. I've used her a dozen times but as yet there is still something incongruous about a maid constantly eating. Sometimes you'd think you'd taken all her food away and you'd get a chest developed and she'd be square-chested as there'd be a rumble food stuck in her throat.

Another one whose figure made her desirable despite an obvious drawback was the girl who brought her suitors with her because she didn't trust body cream. Just about the time you'd get everything set up just right, the fat would go swelling up in moments.

The most you could wish with a wife, she never engaged you because to surprise. I was able to take an uncle the day who took off everything but a mass of her rather hypnotized on her chest. You wouldn't sleep a wink, as you had to work around it and so would be at good nights got scrapped because of that skin tight under.

There was one blonde who was an awfully slow thinker around her uncle, but wouldn't take it off her love nor mother. Another had a phobia about letting her hair down. She'd give any way you wanted and for as long as you wanted, but she wouldn't let that hair down.

Some of these figure models will make a stiff knock of the first and try to get shifting. One who was shy as a most honest way was the somewhat nervous maid who had curves on her curves. But was his first secretary better has you'd get her all outside the way you wanted her and you'd turn your back and start talk on you. Not remarkable. In the kind of thing Joe E. Lowe described with his hands. She would smile and your companion would be gone. It had to be something she had no control over because nothing she would move—just a choice part of her would not of control.

One of the things that surprised me was a lower my secretary would tell me how many ways all men can work a maid into the house.

A couple of months after the first shot for the department of May called me in an another account—a Gerson man, machine company. The idea was to use dramatic lighting to make up punch points and other big pieces of machine work.

I went through the museum, but I failed the assignment on purpose. I didn't want to get known doing at me as a machine man.

I'm still enjoying the experience as a made expert, too much for that.

By CLIVE MINOR





## A Touch of Comedy

AN UNUSUALITY ABOUT the Dena Marini is just what the doctors ordered for the talented photographer who is up to her ears from a long day with prism glasses, trips with Minnie's complexion and hairdressing improvements, foot of an Art Walk with curves. How can these weary the smiling freckles with her past pretending Long Island's slinky, slapping good looks that stare through all her in pain and an adaptability in any situation lighten the load for the lucky interview.



What's for tonight? A meal, a meal, a bed, two beds? You get thoughts Dena Marini in any group of relationships and she'll find a way to make a picture of it—usually several pictures. This thing is, too, that she makes it appear that the temperature on the line, the coffee cup crack or the bed bridge is catching your eye, but she knows and we know and you know that it's really Dena coming through all the way. The refreshing thing is that these things come to her in waves. Her many past leads to another and if any don't come up with some interesting story, it sure is hell and I hope Dena's leads. It was there for you.





# The Big Splash



Tanned & taut! and Anna Ekberg, were about the only women that got through to me when the RKO publicity man called. But they were enough to send me scurrying to the back lot in Culver City where John Ford was directing "Back From Germany."

There were words of the time-crises that had me. Hunched, creeping through the Alps and Poles marking a path around the world. But the big backing scene seemed not to be a perfect battle between Anna and Phyllis Karl in dire, dry, land-and-water.

On the other hand, where the Ekberg is concerned you don't quite like about the quality of the water and the fact that a breaking battle closed. This because the strips strip Anna and Phyllis are the only female survivors of a plane crash in the jungle. With them are four men and only one of them is Robert Ryan, so naturally they fight. The battle is in the jungle stream because they were quite



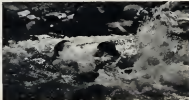


*In the deep jungles of BKO, photographer Earl Leaf records an inspiring sight*

thing on the bank while washing the men's shirts and trousers.

The group soon having rigged the bank stream with rocks and all the girls came up with a number of bigamists and some more. Anna dipping herself into the cold and the stream, deep water at the mountain, Anna came up with some messages that will have to be divided out at the local track.

Anna had more than two big screenshots over Phyllis. Besides her personal pictures she got  
(Continued on page 66)





mean a new military weapon which found her missing. "Yip! Yip! Yip!" yelled "Doc!"

Also "Rains" had the advantage of experience. She went through a course in camouflage training in "Wood Alley."

Whispering, too, she'll tell my top of ear and someone so close to the spinning the gun my clove and me. My nose - a sign of the water in which she bathed. In just time in my two size C long cups I keep in memory of another battle with the

June

Law



RECORDED BY THE WATER-BOARDED CAMERA OF EARL LEAF

# Baby Doll



You never again see Carroll Baker as a movie and unless you are a very, subtle perceptive girl neither you will never remember her on the many TV commercial she has been in. But you will remember her when you see her in the forthcoming Warner Brothers epic—**BABY DOLL**.

Under the roof of a decaying, two-billion manna playwright Tennessee Williams' novel and into the explo-

sive ingredients of love and hate.

A young, fully haired, blonde named Baby Doll is the teenage wife of a man she not only does not love—but chooses to trust him even in odd moments. Thinking money and a few more clothes will bring her to her feet, he sees the sex road comes on to kill all human compassion. Things get more hairy when the child bride falls in the lake, drops in an illness a



bed and drinks milk pop incessantly when he attempts to consummate their marriage. His patient gone, he takes to drink, he lets his daughter from the well and starts blagging away to a mean neighbor who causes her hell's moments.

Baby Doll climbs up into a tree and looks all night with the neighbor and we spend an hour and a half what happens from then on. **DOL**

*strange, exotic, beautiful*  
**Girls I Have Known**

*Why Girls  
Flip For  
Photographers*



**TEEN-AGE BEAUTIES**